then Madam stand resolud, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy,
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene,)
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romane rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*,
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes,
Roomes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and father liue in fame:
Lo at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on this earth, for thy returne to Rome,
O blesse me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Roomes best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kinde Rome that hast thus louingly reserude,
The

the Cordiall of mine age to glad my har
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers daies,
And fames eternall date for vertues prai

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus* my b
Gratious triumpher in the eies of Rome,

Titus. Thanks gentle Tribune, Noble b

Marcus. And welcome Nephews fro
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in f
Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all
That in your Countries seruice drew you
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honours
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer b
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their
This Palliament of white and spotles hue
And name thee in election for the Empir
With these our late deceased Emperour
Be *Candidatus* then and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Room

Titus. A better head her glorious bo
Than his that shakes for age and feeblene
What should I don this Roabe and trou
Be chosen with Proclamations to daie,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.
Roome I haue beene thy souldier fortie y
And led my Countries strength succesful
And buried one and twentie valiant son
Knighted in Field, slaine manfullie in Ar
In right and seruice of their Noble Coun
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controwle the worl
Vpright he held it Lords that held it last